

TREASURE CHEST

OF
**FUN &
FACTS**

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TUESDAY

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PUZZLE PAGE

32 PAGES
IN FULL COLOR



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DEBUNKING THE ANIMALS

THE WISE OLD OWL—HE MERELY LOOKS WISE.
AFTER HE HAS HAD A BATH HE IS NOT VERY IMPRESSIVE.

KING OF BEASTS, THE FEARLESS
LION WILL RUN FROM THE MANDRILL
IN ABJECT TERROR.

MANDRILL,
THE LION KILLER

THE OSTRICH DOES NOT
BURY HIS HEAD IN THE SAND,
BUT SEEMS TO WHEN SEEN
AT A DISTANCE WHILE FEEDING.

THE MILK SNAKE DOES NOT
HELP HIMSELF TO MILK FROM THE
COW, BUT CATCHES RATS
AND MICE IN THE MILKHOUSE.

THE LOWLY TOAD LIVES ON
INSECTS, WORMS, AND GRUBS.

SNAID TO ROLL DOWN HILL
WITH ITS TAIL IN ITS MOUTH,
THE HOOP SNAKE DOES
NOTHING OF THE KIND.

HE IS NO BEAUTY, BUT HE
NEVER GAVE ANYONE WARTS.

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Strathmann

"God's Gift Is Lent"

BY FATHER WILFRED DIAMOND



I HATE LENT.

I HATE FISH.



LENT OR NO LENT! I'M NOT GIVING UP ANYTHING.

DUST THOU ART AND UNTO DUST THOU SHALT RETURN.



THREE WORLD RECORDS IN ONE NIGHT! BROKEN BY GREG RICE OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY ON FEB. 22, 1941, IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

NEW WORLD RECORD FOR THREE MILES! HE HAS ALREADY BROKEN THE TWO AND A HALF AND TWO AND THREE QUARTER MILE RECORDS.



I PRAYED FOR STRENGTH WHEN I FELT TIRED.

MY BOY!

HIS MOTHER HAD TRAVELED ALL THE WAY FROM MISSOULA, MONTANA, TO BE THERE.

YOU BE A GREAT RUNNER, GREG RICE HAD TO GIVE UP MANY THINGS.



HAVE A CIGAR!

NO THANKS.

- BUT HE ALSO HAD TO DO MANY THINGS.



AFTER THIS, SOME ROAD-WORK, GREG.

BESIDES STRENGTHENING HIS BODY, HE ALSO STRENGTHENED HIS WILL.

HE RECEIVED HOLY COMMUNION DAILY.



HE WORE A MIRACULOUS MEDAL.



HE SAID THE ROSARY BEFORE OUR LADY'S SHRINE.



HE RECEIVED THE SULLIVAN AWARD FOR HAVING DONE MOST FOR AMERICAN SPORTSMANSHIP.



AS WITH GREG'S, SO OUR LIVES ARE A RACE AGAINST THREE STRONG ENEMIES.

IF WE STRENGTHEN OUR WILLS WE CAN BEAT THEM.



IF WE DO NOT STRENGTHEN OUR WILLS THEY WILL BEAT US.





LENT IS THE
TIME TO
STRENGTHEN
OUR WILLS.



WE STRENGTHEN OUR WILLS BY
FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST
WHO FASTED FOR FORTY DAYS
IN THE DESERT.

BEGONE, SATAN.

ALL THESE
I WILL GIVE THEE.
THE KINGDOMS
OF THIS WORLD.



WHEN THE FAST WAS OVER, HE
SHOWED US HOW TO CONQUER SATAN.

CHRISTIANS HAVE
ALWAYS DONE
PENANCE DURING
LENT— FROM ASH
WEDNESDAY
UNTIL
EASTER SUNDAY.

WHY
DO THEY
DO THIS?

THIS IS WHY.



I THIRST.

I'M GIVING
UP CANDY.



I'M GIVING
UP MOVIES.



I'M GIVING UP
BACK-BITING.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR LENT?

YOU CAN DO THINGS.

I'M GOING TO
SAY THE ROSARY
EVERY DAY.



I'M GOING TO
HOLY COMMUNION
EVERY DAY.



I'M GOING TO DO
THE DISHES
EVERY DAY.



EAT ALL THE
CANDY YOU
WANT.

DON'T BE
A SAP

SAY
THE ROSARY
TOMORROW
NOT TODAY.

BEGONE!



WE
LOST THE
RACE!

WHEN CHRIST RISES ON EASTER
SUNDAY, WE CAN SHARE HIS GLORY
BECAUSE DURING LENT WE SHARED
IN HIS SUFFERINGS.

—C. S. Lewis



"LEGEND of PANCAKE TUESDAY"



IN OLDEN DAYS PANCAKES WERE MADE FOR CELEBRATIONS AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

WHAT IS "PANCAKE TUESDAY"?

1946
TUE. MARCH
5
Pancake Tuesday

47306
291

SISTER VERONICA SAID IT IS SHROVE TUESDAY.

SHROVE TUESDAY IS THE DAY BEFORE ASH WEDNESDAY, WHICH BEGINS LENT.

THE LATIN WORD "SCRIBERE" MEANS "TO WRITE". IT ALSO MEANS "TO DRAW UP A LAW".

A SIMILAR ANGLO-SAXON WORD MEANT "TO JUDGE OR TO IMPOSE A PENANCE".

"SHROVE" IS THE PAST TENSE OF "SHRIVE", WHICH MEANS TO "HEAR A CONFESSION AND ABSOLVE THE PENITENT".

TONIGHT ENDS THE FEASTING AND FUN.

YES, "CARNIVAL" MEANS "GOOD-BYE TO MEAT."

FROM THE LATIN CARNI = MEAT VALE = FAREWELL

MANY COUNTRIES HOLD CARNIVAL THE WEEK BEFORE LENT.

I MUST THROW OUT ALL THIS FINE FAT. IT WILL SPOIL BEFORE LENT IS OVER.

NAY! NAY! WASTE IT NOT! IT WILL MAKE THE SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKES OF THE MORROW.

IN EARLY DAYS MOST PEOPLE ATE QUANTITIES OF MEAT, AND SAVED EVERY DROP OF FAT.

HASTEN, GOOD WIVES! 'TIS NINE O' THE CLOCK! BRING ME YOUR PANCAKES.

THE PANCAKE BELL WAS RING ON SHROVE TUESDAY, AT NINE O'CLOCK IN SOME VILLAGES, AT NOON IN OTHERS.

STIR, STIR THE BATTER.

POUR IT INTO THE PAN.

IN EVERY HOME WOMEN MIXED PANCAKE BATTER.



SKILLED HANDS TOSSED THE PANCAKES



THEN EVERY ONE RAN TOWARD THE CHURCH, PAN IN HAND, CAKE IN PAN.



THE FIRST ARRIVAL TOSSED HER CAKE TO THE BELL-RINGER. HE CAUGHT AND ATE IT, THEN ALL JOINED IN A PANCAKE BREAKFAST.



IN SOME PLACES THE LAST ONE TO RISE ON SHROVE TUESDAY HAD TO EAT A PANCAKE AMID LAUGHTER AND JOKE.



THIS WAS A DAY OF MERRIMENT. IN THE EVENING BANDS OF CHILDREN ROAMED THE STREETS, SINGING.



IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME COOKS FASTENED A PANCAKE OVER THE KNOCKER ON SHROVE TUESDAY.



AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON SHROVE TUESDAY MORNING IN SOME SCHOOLS, THE VERGER LEFT THE KITCHEN, FOLLOWED BY THE COOK.



SOLEMNLY THEY MARCHED TO THE CLASS ROOM. THE COOK TOSSED THE PANCAKE, AND THE BOYS SCRAMBLED FOR IT.



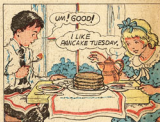
WHOEVER CAUGHT IT, UNBROKEN, WENT TO THE DEAN FOLLOWED BY THE COOK, AND BOTH WERE REWARDED.



IN OLD FRENCH VILLAGES A FAT OX WAS PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS ON SHROVE TUESDAY.



IS CELEBRATED IN MANY LANDS. IT CAME TO AMERICA MORE THAN 100 YEARS AGO WITH STUDENTS EDUCATED IN PARIS. IT IS STILL OBSERVED HERE.



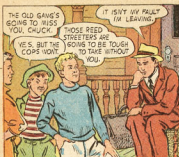
A 17TH CENTURY ENGLISH COOK-BOOK CALLS PANCAKES "FLIPJACKS" OR "FLAIRJACKS." THAT NAME IS STILL USED IN THE UNITED STATES, WHERE THE CAKES ARE MADE FROM BUCKWHEAT, RICE, OR WHEAT FLOUR, AND CORN MEAL.

CHUCK WHITE

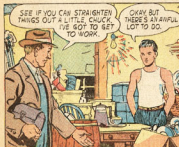
By GRIFFIN JAY

*This begins a new kind of story about a real boy. Follow the adventures of **CHUCK WHITE**, who thought he'd left not only his gang, but fun behind when he moved to Steeltown.*

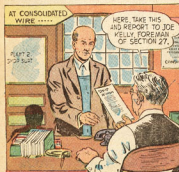




CHUCK WHITE'S FATHER HAD DECIDED TO MOVE FROM MIDLAND TO TAKE A JOB IN STEELTOWN, SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY.



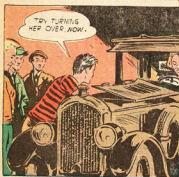
SOON AFTER THEY ARRIVED IN STEELTOWN, MR. WHITE STARTED OUT FOR HIS JOB ON THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE CONSOLIDATED WIRE.

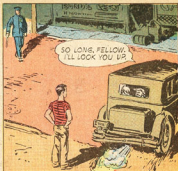
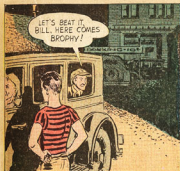




MEANTIME, BACK AT THE WHITE HOME, CHUCK HAD DECIDED TO GET SOMETHING TO EAT. HE WENT OUT OF THE HOUSE AND DOWN THE DINGY STREET, LOOKING FOR A RESTAURANT.







The ARK and the DOVE

Founding of Maryland

by DEB KINTON

PART 1

SPRING, 1632 - THE FIRST LORD BALTIMORE, GEORGE CALVERT, LAY DYING AT HIS HOME, COUNTY LONGFORD, IRELAND.



CECIL, YOU MUST GO TO AMERICA IN MY PLACE.

FATHER, YOU'LL BE WELL BY THE TIME KING CHARLES SIGNS THE CHARTER

YES, FATHER, A SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA AMONGEN FOR ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

FATHER MORE, YOU AND CECIL KNOW MY WISHES

THIS CHARTER WILL BE THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT CATHOLIC REFUGE WHERE ALL CATHOLICS MAY WORSHIP AT PEACE WITH ONE ANOTHER!

BEFORE HIS FATHER DIED, CECIL, LORD BALTIMORE'S ELDEST SON, PROMISED TO CARRY OUT HIS FATHER'S PLANS FOR THE NEW LAND OF MARYLAND, NAMED IN HONOR OF QUEEN HEARLETTA MARIA, WIFE OF CHARLES I.



BALTIMORE WILL TRY TO RUN OUR VIRGINIA COLONY AS HE DID OUR COMPANY.

WE MUST PRESENT HIS MAJESTY'S SIGNING THE MARYLAND CHARTER

BUT, WE'LL FIND WAYS TO DISCOURAGE FOUNDING MARYLAND!

BUT IN LONDON THERE WERE ENEMIES.



SURE, WITH THIS CHARTER, LORD BALTIMORE VIRTUALLY BECOMES A KING.

HIS COLONISTS WILL NOT TAKE THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.

VIRGINIANS WILL DISTRUST THESE NEW SETTLERS.

DESPITE OPPOSITION, KING CHARLES SIGNED THE MARYLAND CHARTER, MAKING CECIL CALVERT PROPRIETOR, JUNE 20th 1632.



NOW, ALL WE NEED ARE PASSENGERS AND CREWS, LEONARD

I'VE HAD HANDBILLS PRINTED ADVERTISING FOR MARINERS AND SETTLERS.

CECIL CALVERT, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE, OUTFITTED THE ARK AND THE DOVE FOR PASSAGE TO AMERICA.



10 LONG HARQUEBUSES, 16 POWDER HORNS, THREAD AND NEEDLES, CLOTHING 24 ITEMS, BAGS OF SEED - - - TOOLS - - -

HE PROVIDED ALL NECESSITIES FOR THE SETTLERS.





I EXPECTED YOU.

OUR FRIEND HAS BAD NEWS.

AT A MEETING OF THE STAR CHAMBER, THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL TOLD MEMBERS THE ARK AND DOVE WERE CARRYING SOLDIERS TO SPAIN TO FIGHT AGAINST ENGLAND - LORD BALTIMORE WAS ACCUSED OF TREASON.



WE'LL LET YOU KNOW AT ONCE.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL WILL LISTEN TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD, EVEN IF HE WON'T LISTEN TO ME.

DON'T MENTION MY NAME. THERE ARE SEVERAL OF US WHO DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW WE'VE INVESTED IN YOUR ENTERPRISE.



THESE GENTLEMEN SPREAD FALSE RUMORS.

LORD BALTIMORE, THE ACCUSATIONS AGAINST YOUR ENTERPRISE ARE APPARENTLY WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

THEN MY SHIPS ARE RELEASED?

AFTER AN INQUIRY, THE MARYLAND EXPEDITION GOT UNDERWAY WITH LEONARD CALVERT AS GOVERNOR AND GEORGE CALVERT A SETTLER. ALTOGETHER THERE WERE 20 GENTLEMEN OF VERY GOOD FASHION AND 300 LABORING MEN WELL PROVIDED WITH ALL THINGS.

AMONG THE COLONISTS WERE BOTH CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS. THE KING ABSOLVED CATHOLICS FROM TAKING THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.



I SUPPOSE YOU THOUGHT WE WEREN'T COMING FOR YOU, FATHER.

WE WERE FULL OF HOPE.

THE ARK AND THE DOVE STOPPED AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1633, ON WAY TO AMERICA TO RECEIVE ON BOARD FATHER WHITE AND FATHER ALTHAM, TWO JESUIT PRIESTS.



YOUR BROTHER, SIR, ORDERED ME TO TAKE THE OLD ROUTE BY THE AZORES AND THE WEST INDIES.

THAT WAS SO WE WOULD NOT PASS VIRGINIA - THE VIRGINIANS MIGHT ATTACK US.



THE POTOMAC AT LAST!

THERE'S AN ISLAND!

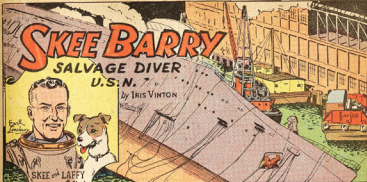
WE'LL LAND THERE.



WE TAKE POSSESSION OF MARYLAND FOR OUR SAVIOR, JESUS CHRIST, AND FOR OUR SOVEREIGN LORD, THE KING OF ENGLAND.

COLONISTS SAILED UP THE POTOMAC TO AN ISLAND WHICH THEY CALLED ST. CLEMENTS - THE FIRST SETTLEMENT MADE BY LORD BALTIMORE IN THE NEW LAND OF MARYLAND.

TO BE CONTINUED.



SKEE BARRY BEGINS HIS CAREER AS A SALVAGE DIVER AT THE NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL (SALVAGE), PIER 88, NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK CITY. HIS FIRST DIVING EXPERIENCE IS WORKING ON THE GREAT SHIP U.S.S. LAFAYETTE, THE FORMER LUXURY LINER NORMANDIE, WHICH BURNED AND CAPSIZED AT HER BERTH AT PIER 88.



SKEE'S TENDER LOWERS HIM OVER THE SIDE OF THE SALVAGE FLOAT, WHILE LAFFY, THE SCHOOL'S MASCOT, LOOKS ON TO SEE THAT HIS FRIEND MAKES A SAFE DESCENT INTO THE HULL OF THE LAFAYETTE.



FOLLOW CORRIDOR ON MAIN DECK, SKEE. REMOVE FURNITURE BLOCKING WAY.

OKAY, I'VE RUN INTO SOME CHAIRS. THEY'VE FLOATED OUT OF THE CABINS.



SKEE'S MAKING A HAUL ALL RIGHT!

YES, GUESS ALL THE STUFF IN THE CABINS HAS LODGED IN THE CORRIDOR.

THE SHIP HAS TO BE CLEARED OF ALL ARTICLES AND DEBRIS BEFORE THE JOB OF RAISING BEGINS





WITH THE AID OF A CROWBAR, SKEE PRIES OPEN THE DOOR. HE WORKS IN COMPLETE DARKNESS IN THE MURKY WATER.



I'M GOING THROUGH DOOR.

VOICE FROM ABOVE!
BE SURE TO SECURE DOOR SO IT WON'T CLOSE ON YOUR LIFELINE!



I'M IN THE PURSER'S COMPARTMENT SEARCHING FOR THE SHIP'S SAFE.

LAFAYETTE HAD SUNK ON THE PORTSIDE - EVERYTHING SHE HELD WAS TOSSED ABOUT IN CONFUSION. DIVERS' WORK WAS MADE MORE DIFFICULT BY SLOPING DECKS AND JUTTING BULKHEADS.



GIVE ME MORE SLACK - SAFE MUST BE ON FAR SIDE OF COMPARTMENT.



YOUR LINES ARE FOULED. TENDER GAVE YOU SLACK - BACKTRACK!



LOCATED SAFE. WILL SECURE IT BEFORE BACKTRACKING. HAVE ENOUGH SLACK TO WORK.



HAVE SECURED SAFE.
NOW BACKTRACKING TO
UNFOUL MY LIFELINE.



SOMETHING WRONG
HERE. I'M MIXED
UP!

SKEE FORGETS WHICH WAY
HE WENT AROUND POST AND
BACKTRACKS IN WRONG DIRECTION.



HELLO, HELLO!
WHAT'S WRONG?

SEND DIVER DOWN.
NEED HELP.....

SIGNALS ON LIFELINE
IN TENDER'S HANDS TELL
TOPSIDE SKEE IS IN
URGENT NEED OF HELP.
LAFFY SENSING
TROUBLE BARKS
EXCITEDLY.



GO DOWN IMMEDIATELY.
SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO BARRY.

YES, SIR.



RESCUE DIVER FOLLOWS
SKEE'S TORTUOUS TRAIL BY GRASPING
SKEE'S LIFELINE.



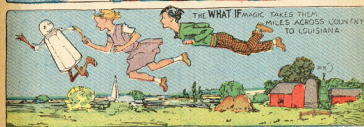
FOUND PLACE WHERE
LINE IS FOULED - HOSE
INTACT.....



BUT SKEE'S
BLOWN UP!

TO BE CONTINUED

The WHAT IF fairy

ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SALT MINES



SO THIS IS WHERE YOU CAME FROM - A MINE.

YES, I AM A MINERAL. YOU COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME IN YOUR FOOD.

THEY HOPE TO HAVE A CHANCE PRESENTLY TO TALK WITH THE MINERS.



THIS IS WHERE I USED TO BE. IT IS 340 FEET DEEP. SO MUCH SALT IS TAKEN OUT THAT THE MINE GROWS 6 1/2 FEET DEEPER EVERY YEAR.

WON'T IT ALL BE DUG OUT BEFORE LONG?

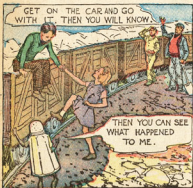


THIS IS A BIG MINE. 150,000 TONS GO OUT YEARLY.

THE SALT IN THIS MINE WILL LAST 200 YEARS.



WHERE DOES IT GO FROM HERE?

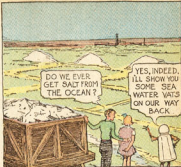


GET ON THE CAR AND GO WITH IT. THEN YOU WILL KNOW.

THEN YOU CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.

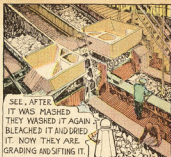


LOOK, THERE IS SALT IN THAT RIVER. IT WASHES OUT OF THE EARTH AND IS CARRIED DOWN TO THE SEA IN THE WATER.





YOU ARE A COMPOUND
OF SODIUM AND
CHLORINE, CALLED
SODIUM CHLORIDE
AND KNOWN IN CHEMISTRY
AS NaCl.



SEE, AFTER
IT WAS MASHED
THEY WASHED IT AGAIN
BLEACHED IT AND DRIED
IT. NOW THEY ARE
GRADING AND SIFTING IT.

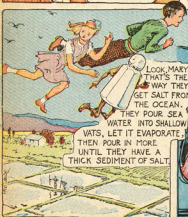


FROM HERE THESE
BARRELS ARE SHIPPED
ALL OVER THE WORLD.
PEOPLE BUY THE SALT AT
GROCERY STORES TO SEASON THEIR FOOD.

NEXT, WE'LL GO TO
THE PACKAGING
DEPARTMENT.



I WAS GOING
TO PUT SALT ON MY EGG.
LET'S HURRY BACK. WE'LL
BE LATE FOR SCHOOL.



LOOK, MARY.
THAT'S THE
WAY THEY
GET SALT FROM
THE OCEAN.

THEY POUR SEA
WATER INTO SHALLOW
VATS, LET IT EVAPORATE,
THEN POUR IN MORE
UNTIL THEY HAVE A
THICK SEDIMENT OF SALT.



WASN'T IT FUN!
I WISH WE HAD
TIME TO FIND OUT
ABOUT
PEPPER!

WHAT A TRIP!
AND MY EGG
ISN'T EVEN
COLD!

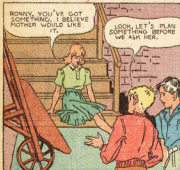
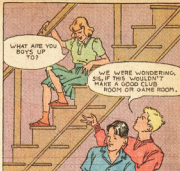
The ROBINSONS' RUMPUS ROOM

BY CHESTER

MARSH

CLARA ELSING PUCK





THEY TELL THE PAINT MAN THEIR PLANS.

THAT'S FINE. THE FIRST THING TO DO IS SELECT YOUR COLORS CAREFULLY AND DECIDE ON THE KIND OF PAINT.

THEN WHAT?

CLEAN THE SURFACE TO BE PAINTED, AND SAND-PAPER THE ROUGH SPOTS SMOOTH.

WHAT WOULD BE A GOOD COLOR?

FOR A BASEMENT ROOM, I'D USE A LIGHT COLOR. IT WILL MAKE THE ROOM BRIGHTER. GET A GOOD PAINT WITH AN OIL BASE AND IT CAN BE WASHED.

WHAT ABOUT BRUSHES?

GET GOOD BRUSHES, AND TAKE CARE OF THEM. DON'T LEAVE THEM STANDING IN WATER OR TURPENTINE, WASH THEM THOROUGHLY IN WARM WATER AND SOAP.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL NEED PAINT, BRUSHES, SANDPAPER, AND TURPENTINE, ANYTHING ELSE?

YOU'LL WANT PLENTY OF RAGS AND NEWSPAPERS. CLEAN UP AS YOU WORK, THAT IS IMPORTANT!

WE CAN HAVE CURTAINS AND A GAME TABLE AND BOOKS.

AND A WORK BENCH.

AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

I CAN JUST SEE IT, NASTURTIUM COLORS. MESS GRAY SAID THE COLORS NATURE USES IN ANY SINGLE BLOSSOM ALWAYS BLEND HARMONIOUSLY.

LET'S ASK DAD ABOUT IT TONIGHT. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET GOING.

THEY TELL DAD AND MOTHER THEIR PLAN.

IT'S A FINE PLAN GO RIGHT AHEAD AND WE'LL HELP. LET'S CALL IT ROBINSONS' RUMPUS ROOM.

TO BE CONTINUED-

Mystery of the LIMPING MAN

BY GRIFFIN JAY



Red Stevens was a riot of color as he fought his way through the storm to PC Headquarters on South Fifteenth Street. Against the snow his lumberjacket was like fire and his streaming muffler like flame. But brightest blaze of all was Red's red head. Fat Gorman always explained that Red wore his leather helmet only in storms because, without rain or snow, the leather would be grilled like a hamburger on Red's fiery thatch.

This day, however, Fat needn't worry, for the snow clung even to Red's eyebrows and lashes as he turned into Fifteenth Street, guided more by instinct than by sight. No mere blizzard could keep Red from PC Headquarters this day after Christmas. He was hoping the whole club would be there in its official home, on the town's edge, in the once shabby, scrubby shack, now boasting paint, padlocks, pictures and a grand name—The Club for the Prevention of Crime.

The smoking stovepipe gladdened Red's heart; the others were there. He had something for them today. And they had something for him—a little hard snow, just inside the door. Bursting with his news, Red didn't look down; Red stepped on the slippery slab and down went Red. The crash knocked wind and news

out of him. The news came back before there was enough wind to put it into words.

"Listen—," Red gasped, his head on Mike Fields' feet, his feet in Tod Worth's lap.

Bill Townsend, ever Red's helpful friend, put the coal scuttle—with the coal—on Red's head; and Fat Gorman, from the one rocking chair, judged Red's behavior severely.

"You should," said Fat, "go to a girl's school where you learn to enter a room politely."

"Listen," cried Red, "I just got a letter from Uncle Charley."

"Didn't know he could write," said Mike Fields. "I thought maybe sometime I'd go up to that lake where he lives and teach him."

Red shook off a mixture of snowflakes and coal dust. He answered Mike slowly: "Well, Mickey boy, get Uncle Charley's first lesson ready. We leave this afternoon on the two-thirty train."

Fat looked at Bill, Bill at Tod, Tod at Mike, Mike looked at Red and Red looked wise.

Fat broke the silence: "I knew a fall would scatter his brains. They can't even be swept together again. And he used to be sane!"

"I was never saner," exploded Red. "Listen to Uncle Charley's letter: 'Here's my Christmas present to you. If you and those four drips you call friends can come to my cottage at Bird Lake, I promise you a week's fun you'll never forget—all expenses paid. The day after Christmas would be fine to start. Wire me and I'll meet the train.'"

Telephones jangled upon the walls of various homes. Mothers' voices, worried and indecisive, asked each other about the proposed trip. It was such bad weather, cold and snowy, you never could tell what might happen. . . .

It took more than an hour for matters to straighten themselves out. Red, Tod, Fat and Bill could go, but Mrs. Fields was afraid it would be too much for Mike. He already had a cold and he wasn't robust. She was sorry, but . . .

Mike sat alone in his room and looked out the window at the thick heavy flakes. There was

a set expression about his lips and the muscles of his jaws were lumped into hard knots to keep from making a sound.

All the fun and glow of Christmas had gone out of things. Downstairs, his tree glittered with tinsel and trimmings. His electric train, his new chemistry set, his mechanical builder and a pair of shining ice skates were forgotten. He had been so thrilled about them yesterday, but now he found he couldn't go to Bird Lake.

He sat motionless, his shoulders hunched up. It was hard for anyone else to understand just how much being a member of the PC Club meant to Mike. It was the greatest thing in all the world to him, that he was a member when other, and larger boys, were not. He would rather die than fail the Club. And now, all the others were going to Bird Lake without him!

THE STATION WAS FILLED with the rush and roar of the train as it pulled in. Bitter, strong smoke poured from its smokestack and settled toward the platform which trembled and shook beneath the weight of the train. Passengers peered without interest from the windows of the coaches as it came to a stop. They saw four boys struggling with grips, skates, hockey sticks, etc., rush from the station toward the train. Three mothers trailed them, anxious expressions upon their faces.

The conductor lifted their equipment up the steps and glanced at his watch. Farther up the tracks men were busily throwing mail sacks and baggage aboard.

"I wish," Tod said dismally, "Mike were going with us. It doesn't seem right for us to . . ."

Red interrupted with a whoop. "Look!" he shouted, and pointed toward the station. Mike and his father were running toward them.

"I can go!" Mike yelled at the top of his lungs. "I can go after all!"

Then Mr. Fields and Mike were upon them and the conductor was calling "B-o-a-r-d!" They scrambled up the steps and stood at the top talking and waving. The train jarred, quivered and began to move slowly. The conductor swung aboard and the trip was begun.

Mr. Fields and the mothers waited upon the platform until the train was out of sight. Then Mr. Fields turned to the others. "I found Mike sitting all alone in his room," he said, "and I

couldn't let him do that. He'll be all right." Mr. Fields understood his son.

IT WAS WARM INSIDE THE COACH and comfortable. It smelled "trainy" and from time to time smoke from the engine pushed against the windows and was snatched away by the wind. The train jostled and jolted a little. The wheels sent out a monotonous rhythm that was satisfying.

Tod, Red, Fat, Bill, and Mike all sat together with their bags resting in the luggage rack above their heads. They had pushed one of the seat-backs forward so that they could all be in one group. Tod, Red, and Mike rode forward while Fat and Bill rode backward.

The coach was not crowded. Here and there a man read a newspaper. A woman farther back in the coach was trying to get a baby to sleep. Directly opposite the boys sat a man reading a magazine. He was tall, slender and dark, his beard blue-black through the skin of his chin. A small, black mustache, carefully trimmed, adorned his upper lip. His eyes were black, his hair crinkly and curly beneath his hat which rested upon the back of his head. He was carefully dressed in a dark suit. From time to time he glanced casually at the five boys across the aisle.

Red had made exactly seven trips to the water cooler and back when the conductor entered. At sight of him Red's face lit up.

"Hello, Mr. Watt," he said. "How are you?"

That gentleman paused and looked at Red.



"Hello, Red," he said. "Merry Christmas!" Red shook hands.

"Merry Christmas to you," he answered, "And a happy New Year." Mr. Watt nodded seriously.

"Thank you," he said. "Happy New Year to you." Then he looked at Tod, Mike, Fat, and Bill. "Where are you boys going?"

"Bird Lake," Red answered. "We're going up to spend a week with Uncle Charley."

"Tell Uncle Charley Merry Christmas for me," Mr. Watt told the boys. Then a sudden thought struck him. "Say! This is the whole PC Club, isn't it?"

"Sure," Red nodded. Mr. Watt grinned.

"I heard about your Club from your father," he went on. "All of you going along in a posse like this looks rather suspicious. Think you'll find any crime up there?"

"If there is any crime in the vicinity," Red answered seriously, "we'll take care of it. The PC Club is always on the lookout for law-breakers."

"Well," Mr. Watt continued, "you never can tell when a crime is going to come right up and hit you on the nose." Mr. Watt took their tickets and continued on through the coach. There was a short silence and then Tod caught the stranger across the aisle looking at them curiously. He frowned slightly and the stranger spoke.

"What," he asked, "is the PC Club? That is, if you don't mind talking to a man you never saw before."

Five pairs of eyes regarded him.

"We don't mind," Tod answered, "talking to anybody, provided we know who that anybody is."

The stranger nodded his approval. "That's only fair," he said. "My name's Tony Evans."

Tod held out his hand. "Mine's Tod Worth," he answered and introduced the others. Tony Evans greeted them all.

"Now," he said, when that was over, "what's this PC Club?"

Tod explained that the initials "PC" stood for the Prevention of Crime. The Club had been organized a year before and boasted five members. It operated by dividing their city up into five Sectors, or Divisions, and each member was responsible for all the Crime in his Sector. A Daily Report was made at PC Headquarters,

and any suspicious happenings recorded in the Daily Report Book were discussed. Nothing any more exciting than lost dogs, pocketbooks, or children ever seemed to come their way. Such a state of affairs was rather discouraging.

Tony Evans inclined his head thoughtfully. "I see what you mean," he said, "but you never can tell, as the conductors said. Maybe if you boys keep trying long enough a real crime will come along."



"I'm going to Bird Lake, myself," Tony Evans continued. "That's why I spoke to you in the first place."

"You own a cottage there?" Tony Evans shook his head.

"No," he answered carelessly, "just know some, er, friends who do, though."

There was a silence for a few minutes and Tony Evans leaned back in his seat.

"Glad to have met you," he said. "Maybe we'll see more of each other at the lake. If you should run across any crime or criminals while you're up there, let me know, will you?"

"Why?" Tod asked. Tony became strangely silent, a crooked half-grin changing his friendly face.

"Sure," Bill answered, "we'll let you know." Doubt flooded the faces of the other four and, until they reached Bird Lake, they seldom took their eyes off Tony.

(Continued in the next issue.)

Puzzle & Game Page

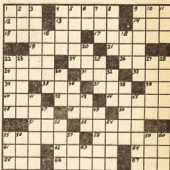
By Jules Leopold

ACROSS

1. Spider's snare
4. Those who are against
9. Small piece
12. Past
13. Draw with colors
14. Liqueur
15. Frolicked
17. Cows and Bulls
19. Fundamental
21. Rodent
22. Army car
24. Groove
26. Sport
29. Below
31. Busy insect
33. Age
34. Doctor of Divinity
35. Erase
37. The whole
39. Preposition
40. Obtain
42. Gazelle of Tibet
44. Ornamental structure
46. Home of Adam and Eve
48. Skill
50. Mineral deposits
51. Came together
53. French river
55. Plea
58. Trans-Jordan mountain
61. Exclamation
62. Flower (plural)
64. Poem
65. Organ of hearing
66. A shop
67. Likewise not

DOWN

1. Conflict
2. Self
3. Dropped explosives upon
4. Imitates
5. Lowest point
6. Note of the scale
7. Incorporated (abbr.)
8. Heavenly body
9. Fight
10. Sick
11. Golf mound
16. What we write on
18. Light blow
20. Young bear
22. Magistrate
23. Finished
25. Beverage
27. Get up
28. N. Y. ball team
30. Carpet
32. Large deer
36. Snake
38. King of beasts (plu.)
41. Mood



43. Supply with weapons
45. Northwest state
47. Born
49. Grow smaller toward one end
52. Sailors
54. Ascend
55. Grow old
56. Comes in a pod
57. Nephew of Abraham
59. Fuss
60. Pronoun
63. Thus

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

CAN YOU TOP IT?



Plenty of fun in this new word game! The idea is to see who can get the highest score. You can play it against your friends, or try to beat our score of 122 as shown in the example below.

The rules are simple: Fill the diagram with 3 good English words (no proper nouns). Then give each letter its value as shown in our Letter Value chart. To get your score, add up the total value of the 16 letters. Don't use different forms of the same word; like RUN and RAN, GIVE and GIVING.



LETTER VALUES

A-4	J-4	S-4
B-4	K-4	T-4
C-4	L-4	U-4
D-3	M-4	V-4
E-3	N-4	W-4
F-4	O-4	X-4
G-4	P-4	Y-4
H-4	Q-4	Z-4
I-4	R-4	

MR.

4x4



Mr. Four-by-four feels mighty chipper in his new checked suit. Just one little touch is needed to make it really elegant. Maybe you can help out.

Using each of the numbers from 1 to 16 inclusive, fill in all of the squares so that each row—horizontally, vertically, and along the two main diagonals—will add up to 34. Two numbers have been thrown in to get you off to a good start.

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE !



TWO WEEKS FROM NOW, HOW SHALL WE BE DOING WITH OUR LENTEN RESOLUTIONS? JAGGING AT THE KNEES JUST A LITTLE? FATHER DIAMOND KNOWS HOW WE FEEL—AND HE GIVES US A PEPPER-UPPER IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



FOLLOW CHUCK WHITE INTO ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL. CHUCK GETS OFF THE BEAM, BUT FATHER CARROLL BELIEVES HE'S A "RIGHT GUY".



DANGEROUS BUSINESS, THIS SALVAGE DIVING? LAFKY GOES INTO THE RECOMPRESSION CHAMBER WITH SKREE.

DOES PEPPER GROW ON PEPPER TREES? AND DO RAGS COME FROM RAGWEED? YOU HAVE A "DATE" WITH BILLY AND MARY IN THE LAND WHERE PEPPER GROWS.

PLUS - THE REBEL ISLANDS -

PART TWO IN THE STORY OF MARYLAND. HERE WE SEE THE FAMOUS FATHER WHITE IN ACTION.

MYSTERY OF THE LIMPING MAN
THINGS HAPPEN FOR "RED" AND HIS FRIENDS—MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS AND GROWING SUSPICIONS!

DEBUNKING ANIMALS -
DOES THE CROCODILE SHED TEARS?

PUZZLE PAGE - ANOTHER PAGE OF PUZZLES AND TRICKS - ANOTHER BIG CROSSWORD PUZZLE!

WHAT TIME IS IT? - THE STORY OF OUR MODERN CLOCKS.

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substitute for the objectionable comic publication. It stands on its own merits as a quality magazine which children—and adults—will enjoy and profit by.

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Nor is TREASURE CHEST a substitute for the weekly MESSENGERS. Its function is as separate and distinct in its field as the MESSENGERS are in theirs.

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